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AMALEL.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Sweet is the memory to me
Of a land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains meet,
Where amid their molten trees
Sits Amathil in the boat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tides, Summer seas.
In the middle of the town,
From its fountains in the hills,
Tumbling through the narrow gorge
The Canneto rushes down,
Turns the great wheels of the mills,
Lifts the hammer of the forge.
'Tis a stairway, not a street,
That ascends the deep ravine,
Where the torrents leap between
Rocky walls that almost meet,
Tossing up the spray in spray,
Pendant girdles their hundred boughs;
Sunburnt daughters of the soil,
Stately figures tall and straight,
What inexorable fate
Dooms them to this life of toil?
Lord of vineyards and of lands,
Far above the convent stands,
On its terrace walk strew,
Leans a monk with folded hands,
Placid satisfied, serene,
Looking down upon the scene
Over wall and tiled roof;
Wounds are his good end
All this toil and toil, toil,
And why men cannot he
Free from care, and free from pain,
And the sordid love of gain,
And as indolent as he.

There are now the freighted banks,
From the marts of east and west?
Where the knight in iron sarks
Journeying to the Holy Land,
Gleed of steel upon the hand,
Crown of crimson on the breast?
What is the pilgrim's end?
Where the pilgrims with their prayers?
Where the merchants with their wares?
And their gallant brigantines
Sailing safely into port,
Chased by corsair Algierines?

Vanished like a fleet of clouds,
Like a passing trumpet blast,
Are those splendors of the past,
And the commerce and the crowd!
Fathoms deep beneath the seas
Lie the ancient wharfs and quays,
Sunk in the deep, the waves,
Silent streets and vacant halls,
Ruined roofs and towers and walls;
Hidden from all mortal eyes,
Deep the sunken city lies;
Even cities have their graves!

This is an enchanted land!
Round the headlands far away
Sweeps the blue Salmoria bay
With its skele of white sand;
Further still and furthermost,
On the dim-discovered coast,
Pines and cedars, and the pine,
And its roses all in bloom,
Seen to ting the fast skies
Of that lonely land of doom.

On his terrace high in air,
Nothing dares the good monk dare
For such wild thoughts as these,
From the garden just below,
Little puffs of perfume blow,
And a sound is in his ears
Of the murmur of the bees
In the shining chestnut trees;
No sound of man or ears,
All the landscape seems to swoon
In the happy afternoon;
Slowly o'er his sens' sleep
The enroaching waves of sleep,
And he sinks as the sun down,
Unresisting fathoms down
Into caverns full and deep!

Walled about by drifts of snow,
Hearing the fierce northwind blow,
Saw all the Iadaeans white,
And a river of ice, see,
Come this memory of delight,
Comes this vision unto me,
Of a long lost Paradise
In the land beyond the sea.

MY QUIET FELLOW-TRAVELER.

One bitterly cold evening last winter, I was sitting with my old school-fellow, Charlie Foster, in my study—the most comfortable room in the house, arranged throughout with a proper regard to warmth and convenience.

"How jolly this is!" exclaimed Charlie, glancing round. "I would rather be in than out such a night as this. Just listen to the wind, how it howls and blusters, and yet not a breath gets in here. I must say this is not a bad corner to occupy in this weather, and I envy you not a little. Things always goes straight with you, Harry. I do believe you never had a slice of ill-luck or a disagreeable adventure in your life."

"You are wrong there, my boy," replied I, "for once upon a time—it is a long while ago now, though—I had a very disagreeable adventure, which might have ended in my being hanged by mistake for some one else. You remember, no doubt, that sixteen years ago, instead of being one of the partners in the firm of Ross, Haviland & Laurence, I was only a clerk in their office."

"Yes, yes, I know," nodded Foster. "Well, one day Mr. Haviland, not being well enough to go himself, sent me to C— on some rather important business, some valuable documents had fallen into the hands of an obstinate, stupid old fellow who had been guardian to a client of ours. The client was now of age and wished to act for himself and manage his own affairs, but old Brown, not considering him fit to do so, persisted in retaining the papers, and my mission was to persuade him to give them up quickly, and in the event of his refusing to threaten him with legal proceedings. I had great difficulty in inducing him to listen to reason, but when at last I succeeded, I telegraphed the news of my success to London, and a little later started homeward. I strolled down to the station, took a first-class ticket, and after waiting for about ten minutes, the express came up, and took my seat. As I got into the carriage, all good looking young fellow, fashionably dressed, got out, and with that feeling of wild curiosity that sometimes comes over one when has nothing to do, I put my head out at the window and looked after him, and, to my surprise, he got into another carriage a little further on. I began to wonder why, and felt vaguely uncomfortable about it. However, when I perceived that the only other occupant of the carriage was an old gentleman, apparently fast asleep, I concluded that the young man wanted to smoke, and that the old gentleman, before addressing himself to slumber, had objected.

"This satisfied me, and I began to go over in my mind the events of the previous day. 'Well,' thought I, 'certainly I have managed the business very well. I expect I shall receive the compliments of the firm for it. I wonder if they will give me anything more substantial than compliments? If they do make me a present

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., MAY 19, 1875.

NO. 20.

eat it will be very acceptable just now, said I to myself, for you see, Charlie, about eight weeks before, my dear Lizzie had presented me with a plump, red, pugna- cious little sprite. Well, all the aunts and cousins—to say nothing of my wife—pronounced it the prettiest baby in the world, and I dare say I thought they were not far wrong, but one cannot sac- rifice to a household idol of this kind without a little extra outlay, and for this reason and a few others not worth while mentioning, Lizzie and the baby were un- permitted in my thoughts. I imagined myself like a child with spending the money I hoped to receive in a dozen different ways for their benefit.

"At times I glanced at my fellow traveler, who was all this time some asleep in the corner directly opposite to me. His head was thrown back, a bright yellow handkerchief covered his face, and a thick railway rug was tucked tightly around him. Now having started in a great hurry, as Ross and Haviland had got a hint that old Brown meant to make a lengthened tour on the continent, I had forgotten to take my wrapper with me, so I contemplated my opposite neighbor with rather curious eyes, thinking how warm and comfortable he looked, and how very cold I felt. I tried to forget my discom- fort by reading over my papers, but when at last I got through them I was as cold as before, or perhaps a little colder. How- ever we were getting towards our journey's end, and that was some comfort—I determined to follow my fellow-traveler's example, and take a dose. I wish heartily I had not done so.

"'Cheer up, little woman,' said I. 'It is all right. I did not do it, you know. Go to bed like a wise girl, and I will come back as soon as I can and tell you the sequel of my story.'

"Just then the door opened and said: 'Oh, if you please, 'um, there are two policemen at the door, and they say, 'um, they want to speak to master.'

"'Very well,' said I. 'I will go to them.'

"First of all, I had a singularly un- pleasant dream; for I dreamed that on arriving at home I found the street door open, and, on going in, saw staircase in all directions. I went up the one I fancied led to my rooms, but it seemed as if I should never get there! Flight after flight I went up, and thought the stairs would never come to an end. Then suddenly I found myself in the drawing room, and was struck by the cheerless look of everything; there was no fire in the grate, and the room was so dimly lighted that at first I did not see Lizzie. Then I became aware that she was leaning back in her armchair with the child lying in her lap; her eyes were closed, and her face was deathly pale. I cried out her name, but she did not move. With an undefined dread that seemed to make my heart contract, I rushed across the room to her; the floor heaved and swayed with my weight; I flung myself down by Lizzie's side and had seized her hand, when the chair overturned with a crash, and she seemed to fall heavily into my arms!

"'Yes,' I said, 'I was just coming down to the police station about it.'

"'Old was you?' said the man, in a grimacing manner; and, looking up, I saw he had stuck his tongue in his cheek and was winking at his comrade. I turned my head to the right, and, on the other side of the old lump, I saw the constable, with a thick layer of mud and dirt over the top of the old lump. In one instance, as a proof of the powerful pressure a sixteen-inch cottonwood stake was so jammed that it could not be moved by the moving mass of mud, was broken square off, and one part was carried away by the mud in a sort of glacial movement. Innumerable gas springs are spouting from the surface, and immense quantities of gas are being evolved. As yet, the surface is too soft to venture upon, and Lient. Davis is waiting for the ground to harden before attempting to explain this new addition to our dominion.

Foster grinned and nodded a friendly and approving agreement.

"'Well,' continued I, 'the police station was not far off, and we were soon below here, late Saturday evening. Two brothers, Fortier and Ludolph Gillard, had a difficulty with a negro boy and his two sons, Joseph and Archie, in which Mr. Lacon was dangerously, if not mortally, wounded. Joseph slightly wounded, and Archie killed. The elder Fortier is also dangerously wounded, and the other slightly wounded. Mr. Gillard alone escaped unharmed. The Fortier party is here under arrest. The parties in this affair are all related. No information as to the cause of the difficulty.'

LATER.—The tragedy that began at Moss Bluff last Saturday, when Archie Lacour was killed, had a bloody ending here last night. My telegram of yesterday announced that the parties implicated in the murder of Archie Lacour, viz., E. C. Fortier, C. S. Fortier and Ludolph Gillard, had been arrested and brought to town (Liberty). For want of a jail, the three prisoners were quartered in Bristle's Hotel, where they had remained under guard since Sunday evening. About 1 o'clock this morning a party of thirty or forty men, armed and masked, entered the hotel, overpowered the guard and got into the prison room. You can imagine the rest. Your reporter was permitted early this morning to visit that room and view the ghastly forms of three dead men. By this sad affair four men have lost their lives, four widows have been made, and ten children mourn the loss of their fathers. Mr. Azeno Lacour, who was waiting on Saturday by the Fortier party, is supposed to be dying.

The Granger's Dream.

A Granger dreamed that he died. He went straight to the spirit-world, and knocked at the gate of the New Jerusalem, and it was opened unto him.

The books were opened; he was asked,

"Did you ever belong to any secret society?" He replied, "I did," to the Grangers."

"Then, sir, you can't be admitted here—Depart!"

He then went to the door of the bottomless pit, where the same question was asked him by the Devil, and, on answering that he belonged to the Grangers when in the flesh, again he was told to depart.

Again he was told to depart, and he turned to the right, and, on the other side of the old lump, he saw the constable, with a thick layer of mud and dirt over the top of the old lump. In one instance, as a proof of the powerful pressure a sixteen-inch cottonwood stake was so jammed that it could not be moved by the moving mass of mud, was broken square off, and one part was carried away by the mud in a sort of glacial movement. Innumerable gas springs are spouting from the surface, and immense quantities of gas are being evolved. As yet, the surface is too soft to venture upon, and Lient. Davis is waiting for the ground to harden before attempting to explain this new addition to our dominion.

"Well, Charlie, I did about the most foolish thing I could have done. A shrill whistle and a slackening of the speed announced our approach to Higlegate, and to another moment the lamps of the station flashed their light in and out the carriage window as we passed up to the platform. With a desperate feeling that, as after all, it was no business of mine, I might as well try to escape a heap of questions that I could not answer, I snatched up the old gentleman's yellow handkerchief, threw it over his face, seized my traveling-bag, and sprang out of the carriage.

"I remember well the nervous dread

which came over me that the body would be discovered before I could give up my ticket and get clear of the station. No one stopped me, however. I hauled a cab, jumped in, and in ten minutes more was safely deposited at my door. There I dismissed the cabman with a double fare, and in another minute stood in my own bright, cheerful sitting room, with my dear wife, who had been waiting for me to come home.

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"I should, no doubt, have been sent back

for further evidence but that the prisoner had been brought in upon whom the usual property had been found. The prisoner proved to be the identical thief, good-looking man who had left the railway carriage as I got in. The young fellow, who, on account of his gaudy, stylish appearance had got the sobriquet of 'the Prince,' was a professional thief, but on this occasion he had been on a pleasure trip to the North to see some friends, and he solemnly declared that he got into the carriage where the old gentleman was without any business-like intentions; that he always traveled first-class because it was more comfortable, besides being 'gentleman.' He said—and, as you know, the statement was borne out by the medical evidence—that the old gentleman had a fit, and that, though he did his best to assist him by opening the windows, keeping the old fellow's neckcloth, and holding up his head, he died in a few minutes. And then, added 'the Prince,' I thought the poor old boy couldn't stand his watch or his purse again, and I knew they would be very useful to me, so they changed pockets, and then I snatched him in the corner where the other gentleman had come in. But I do hope," continued he, looking at me not to be superstitious, but looked

grave and horrified enough over the account of the poor old man.

"When I had finished, my wife looked so anxious and discomposed that I began to regret having told her, but suddenly raising her head, she said: 'Dear Harry, on't you not to have stayed and explained what had happened? Might not people think that—that?' He voice broke, and her eyes filled with tears.

"'By Jove! Lizzie,' cried I, starting up, 'you are right, of course! They might think I had a hand in the poor fellow's death. Why, how could I be such a fool! I must go at once and give information at the police office.'

The Formation of an Island at the Mouth of the Mississippi.

[N. O. Bulletin.]

At the outer crest of the bar at Pass-a- Outre there is now in process of elevation and formation a mud-lump island, which now has an area of more than thirty acres above the surface, and much of it is six or seven feet above the surface of the water.

"'So ended my very unpleasant adventure, Charlie. I have taken many a day's journey since, but never again with such a very quiet fellow-traveler.'

"I put on my coat as I was speaking, but the happy thought came a little too late, for just as Lizzie was handing me my hat there came a tremendous peal at the front door!

"My wife and I looked at each other. She turned very pale, and I burst out laughing. That was not quite the right thing to do, perhaps, under the circumstances; but I could not help feeling amused, as well as embarrassed, at the serpentine folly had been lifted by mud-lumps to the extent of half an acre, or even one or two acres, have occurred.

"The elevating force seems nearly to have exhausted itself, and the island is now nearly complete. It was formed in about thirty hours. It is the most interesting phenomenon to men of science that has occurred lately, and it is fortunate that scientific observers were on the ground and noted the whole process from its beginning.

"Just then the door opened and said: 'Oh, if you please, 'um, there are two policemen at the door, and they say, 'um, they want to speak to master.'

"'Very well,' said I. 'I will go to them.'

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Again

THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO., Publishers.
WILLAGE GRUELLE, Editor.
CLINTON, OHIO COUNTY, KY.
WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1875.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
JAMES E. MCCREARY,
of Madison county.
For Lieutenant-Governor,
JOHN C. UNDERWOOD,
of Warren county.
For Secretary of State,
THOMAS D. MORSE,
of Metcalfe county.
For Auditor,
HOWARD SMITH,
of Owen county.
For Treasurer,
JAMES W. TATE,
of Franklin county.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction,
H. A. COOPER DODSON,
of Bourbon county.
For Register of Land Office,
THOMAS D. MARCUS,
of Lawrence county.

RESOLUTIONS.

We hold it to be absolutely essential to the preservation of the liberties of the citizens that the several States shall be maintained in their rights, dignity and equality, as the most complete and reliable administration of their own domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies. Every attempt on the part of the Federal Government to exercise power not granted to it in the Constitution, or to exercise a delegated power in any manner not therein prescribed, is an act of usurpation, demanding the instant and qualified condemnation of a people jealous of their liberties. And we hold that any unconstitutional interference by the Government with the local affairs of the State to any extent or under any pretence whatsoever should be at once condemned by all classes of every section of the Union, as all such acts tend to the destruction of our Federal system and the consolidation of all power in a centralized despotism.

BRECKINRIDGE IS DEAD!

At forty-five minutes past five o'clock yesterday afternoon, the great spirit of Kentucky's greatest son passed from earth. For a week his death had been expected every moment. He was fully aware of his critical condition. He knew that all hope of his recovery had fled the breasts of his physicians and the members of his family. Yet he was cheerful and content, perfectly resigned to the Master's will. At three o'clock he began to sink rapidly. He retained his consciousness up to within half an hour of the supreme moment. He died as calmly as an infant falling to sleep on its mother's breast. His knightly soul evacuated its fortress of flesh with erect crest, as a soldier who honorably capitulates to an irresistible force, surrenders his trust, and marches out of the citadel he was compelled to abandon, but carries with him into captivity the proud consciousness that he did all of his duty before he lowered his colors. Although he had lived a grand life, yet nothing in it was comparable to the majestic grandeur of his leaving it. A hero on the foughten field, he had many a time looked sudden death in the face with unsinking eye and unblanched cheek. Yesterday evening, as trustfully as a little child, with a smile wreathing his lips, he placed his hand into that of his SAVIOUR, and passed unfalteringly and unhesitatingly into the dark waters of the River of Death. Oh! how that act of Christian faith and trust became the life it ended. God grant that we all may be enabled to follow the example of the grand Kentuckian when we shall be summoned to meet him "over there!"

JOHN BRECKINRIDGE is dead, and the heart of Kentucky is desolate!

JAMES B. MCCREARY, the gentleman fated to occupy the gubernatorial chair of Kentucky, is wise, capable, honest, sober, virtuous. When deserved, what loftier eulogy could be pronounced upon any man? When wisdom is his mentor, honesty his guide, sobriety his rule of conduct, and virtue his practice, man needs no adventitious aids to prosper him in his undertakings. He is lifted by the faultlessness of his character above the accidents or caprices of fortune. He is cast in mail impervious to the arrows of envy and the shafts of detraction. Men admire, respect, love such a character. The celestial powers keep loving watch and ward over it. And when the Democratic party unites with heaven to do him honor, JOHNSON HARLAN may as well undertake to pull Muldragh's Hill up by the roots as to defeat him.

THE Paris True Kentuckian naively remarks that the constant abuse of the newspapers was the cause of the "brilliant success" of General WILLIAMS at the late convention. A proud and a happy man will Old Soughin be the day the *Kentuckian* makes his "success" visible to the naked eye.

Tis the dog's delight just now to enter in its innocent exuberance of spirits over the new-made garden beds.

MISTAKEN.

The Rochester *Evening Express*, certainly the liveliest and most readable paper published in York State, generally keeps pretty accurately posted on Kentucky affairs, one of its editors being a gentleman right thoroughly acquainted with our people and policies. But when it asserts that "Old CASH CLAY has joined the Kentucky Bourbons," it shuns wide of the mark. In the convention which General CLAY attended, and where he proclaimed his adhesion to the Democratic party, Bourbons was not effectively slaughtered.

The Democracy of Kentucky cannot truthfully be classed with those who neither forget nor learn anything. General SOUTHERN WILLIAMS made an exhaustive canvass of the State as the exponent of Bourbon ideas, basing his claims to the gubernatorial nomination almost exclusively upon his Confederate war record. He was one of the few Confederate soldiers who were not sufficiently whipped. He is not yet satisfied with the manner in which the rebellion panned out. He made fervidly inflammatory appeals to the lesser passions of those who actively participated in the war on the Confederate side, as well as those who found it safer and more comfortable to contribute their sympathy to the cause of the South. He was indeed the Last of the Bourbons. The *Express* is very well aware of the result, and in the defeat of WILLIAMS it can read the epitaph of Bourbons in Kentucky.

Kentucky Democrats are fully alive to all matters and questions that directly concern them. While they will be found a unit in opposition to Federal interference in the domestic concerns of the States; while they demand that the administration of national affairs shall be conducted within the bounds prescribed by the Federal constitution; their more important work is to be done right here at home. We are determined to build up our own State. We intend to make Kentucky an inviting field for the immigrant. We are indifferent about the nationality as well as the religious and political creeds of those who come among us, if they only bring with them thrift, industry, and a disposition to build up instead of destroying the prosperity of the State. We have no room or use for political adventurers from the North and East, as we have enough and to spare of that kind of weed, of native growth. Those who yet linger among the graves of the late war, employing their time in broaching to memory the epitaphs and breathing charnel smells as though they were delicious perfumes, are very few with us, and are as impotent and harmless as the ghosts of the slain. Our people no longer talk war, speak war, nor vote war. With the past is past, and there is not an ex-Confederate in Kentucky who possesses sense enough to crawl out of the creek when he falls in, who would recall it. In our party councils ex-Confederate and ex-Federal meet on precisely the same ground, all their feelings and aspirations being identical—and all looking to the future development and prosperity of our native State. We have neither the time nor the inclination to engage in wranglings about the late war. We had only the ghost of the Bourbon element amongst us—and an exceedingly dim and ill-defined shade it was. The late State convention laid it most effectively. The defeat of WILLIAMS was its death-knell. The nomination of progressive, liberal-hearted, wise-brained McCREARY was its coffin. Its funeral will occur on the first Monday in next August.

A YOUNG buck from a neighboring town took a Hartford girl on riding the other evening. Once fairly out of town he seized one of her hands and began squeezing it, when he was brought up with a round turn by her exclaiming: "Let go that hand, Mister! I don't want any of your Beaver Dam foolishness around me!"

TALMAGE says: "Brooklyn to-day eats scandal, drinks scandal, talks scandal, swears scandal, lies scandal and sleeps scandal." And he might have added, moulds candle, sells candle, buys candle, lights candle, snuffs candle, and blows candle out.

MOHAMMEDANS do not admit old women to their Paradise. They think it would be very impudent to have a lot of skinny old angels in spectacles poking around for an opportunity to pick up bits of celestial scandal.

OLD "Cerro Gordo," in the last speech he made before the meeting of the State convention, exclaimed: "I will be the next Governor of Kentucky, just as certain as Romeo found Romeo."

Now, that there is no longer any occasion for secrecy, won't Mr. SPINNER be kind enough to tell us what the two initials of his name really are?

RADICAL STATE CONVENTION.

The Radical State Convention assembled at Louisville last Thursday, and nominated candidates for the several State offices, except that of Superintendent of Public Instruction. About four hundred delegates were in attendance. It was the most solemn assemblage that ever met in our commercial metropolis outside of a funeral occasion. Sad eyes looked mournfully into eyes that were sadder yet, for the glad bird of hope was singing in no heart there. They saw nothing in the past to inspire them—nothing in the future to cheer them. They were as shipwrecked people cast on a barren, sandy island, far out of the track of commerce, with a leaden and sombre sky overhead, while around them as far as their aching eyes could see the black and angry waters are furiously but impotently striking at the face of the storm with their inky arms.

General JACK BUNSBY FINNELL, of Covington, wore a ghastly smile as he called the mourners to order in a sepulchral voice, and in the tones of a dying swan proposed HELP-ME-CASSUS-OR-L-SIXK GOODLUE for temporary chairman. The melancholy gathering listlessly assented, and GOODLUE, after a vain attempt to dispel the apathy that "squat like a nightmare toad upon a glutton's stomach," took his seat as chief mourner in silence and with a heavy heart.

General JACK BUNSBY FINNELL then moved the appointment of the usual stock committee. They were appointed. They retired to draft the spontaneous resolutions. General JACK BUNSBY FINNELL had been carrying in his pocket for a month past. The stillness of the grave followed their withdrawal. There were tongues in that hall that were eloquent a fortnight, but now they were dumb as oysters. The shadow of the Might-have-been brooded over all. It was omnipresent. It shone with dull, fiery glitter in each one's eyes. It clung with a grasp of pain to each heart. It showed in the wrinkles of their cost carriers. It was visible in the rumples of their hair. Every cough sounded like the falling of a clost on a coffin-lid.—The only person present not haunted by ghostly memories of the past was a nigger named Neal, who attempted to make a speech "that had some reference to allusions," when he was summarily squelched by the chairman with the information that the committee was coming.

All the committees marched together to the music of the "Dead March" in Saul, performed by a brass band in the gallery. The resolutions were fired off first. Then the nominations were exploded. They were as follows:

Governor—John M. Harlan, of Jefferson.
Lt. Governor—Robert Boyd, of Laurel.
Attorney General—W. C. Goodloe, of Fayette.
Auditor—R. B. Ratcliffe, of Caldwell.
Treasurer—Dr. W. J. Berry, of Ohio.
Register—Reuben Patrick, of Magoffin.

The selection of a candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction was left to the State Central Committee.

Take it all in all, they were a pretty respectable gathering of political weepers and mourners. What they did was honorably accomplished. The brass band nearly "blowed" its brains out in vain efforts to enliven them. The ticket nominated was about the best they could have constructed. It will be buried next August beneath a Democratic majority of from seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand.

THE THIRD TERM BUSINESS.

One of the resolutions of the Radical State convention falsely accuses the Democracy with originating the "third term scare." Whereupon the Cincinnati *Commercial* (Republican) is moved to explain as follows:

The Kentucky Republican resolution about the third term is pure twaddle, and a very dull article of twaddle. It is not a Democratic story exclusively that the President is seeking a third term. It is the judgment of the most staunch Republicans of our acquaintance that Grant thinks the country is still dependent upon him, and that he must run it through a third term, or let it go to the dogs. His opinion to that effect requires correction. The Republicans of Kentucky have neglected to shed upon him the light that he needs. They have not even ventured to speak in terms of disapprobation of the third term theory.—Therefore they have given the Democrats, who are disposed to employ the "third term" stock to knock the Republican party on the head, aid and comfort.

This is a sample of London gossip: Miss Moody, daughter of the American revivalist, not sharing his views, went to the play, and coming down late to breakfast next morning, was greeted by him with "Well, child of Satan!" to which she calmly replied, "Good morning, papa."

INVENTIVE genius has undertaken to fool poor trusting wives. A Chicago tailor has secured a patent for "the married man's precautionary coat-collar." It is made of some glazed substance to which a hair cannot adhere, and will withstand the closest scrutiny.

WE blush to say it, but as long as "Old Cerro Gordo" lives we cannot say otherwise, cheek kills fewer men in Kentucky than in any other country on the face of the globe. Read what occurred between him and Mr. Beck, re-published on our first page from the Lexington *Press*.

THE other day a Boston corset maker starved to death. Sad fate for one who had stayed the stomachs of hundreds of other women.

GRAMMATICALLY speaking, a kiss is a conjunction.

A MINNESOTA TRAGEDY.

Fergus Falls, Minnesota, was recently the scene of a tragedy so shocking that the community trembled. Tires, Nelson, a young man of the village, and a Miss Anderson, some two years ago entered into a marriage engagement, but the wedding-day was not fixed upon. It was the old story over again: the man must win a home, or the means to establish one, before he could claim his bride. Full of hope, NELSON left Fergus Falls and emigrated to the pionies of Wisconsin, and there began the resolute struggle for money to accomplish his ends. For two years did he labor hard. He was shrewd, energetic and honest, and prospered. Then, a few weeks ago, he returned to Fergus Falls to claim Miss Anderson, and to install her in the home he had labored for. He found the woman he had hoped to marry changed. He was steadfast, but her wandering fancy had settled upon another man, to whom she was reportedly engaged. NELSON had expected to be married at once upon his return, and the falsehood of the woman stunned him. He went about dazed and sad, but said nothing to any one about his disappointment. On the first day of the present month a grand party was held by the young people of Fergus Falls in a vacant building of which NELSON was part owner. He was present at the party, and during the evening Miss Anderson also arrived in company with her latest flame. She danced occasionally, and NELSON looked at her apparently without agitation, though at heart he doubtless endured all the agony strong men suffer when they yield themselves up fully to the passion which is most removed from reason. Finally Miss Anderson seated herself, and NELSON approached her. She gave him her hand, and he was heard to say, "Why are you here to-night; don't you know I cannot bear to see you here?" The lady rose and the two walked to another seat, when NELSON, standing before her was again heard to say, "You know I cannot bear to see you here!" and as he spoke he was seen to reach into his pocket behind him. Suddenly he drew forth a small revolver, and, placing it against the lady's breast, fired. Shrieking, Miss Anderson darted past him and ran down the stairway. NELSON instantly turned himself about, threw his head back; and discharged the weapon on his own heart. Without uttering a word, he sprang forward several feet and fell to the floor a corpse. When Miss Anderson fled she was followed by her friends, and it was discovered that the bullet intended for her heart had flattened itself upon the steel of her corset, and retained barely force enough in its passage to lodge beneath the skin. So ended the tragedy. They examined the body of the man lying upon the floor, and in his pockets found notes and a large sum of money; enough to begin housekeeping on. They found something else, carefully wrapped up and laid away among his valuables.—It was a wedding-ring for the woman who deserted him. The dancers withdrew from the hall, and there the body was prepared for burial. The next day there came to the express office a package addressed to NELSON—the package containing his wedding suit—and it arrived just in time to serve as his shroud. Neatly clad in his wedding clothes, the body was laid out, and visited by many of the citizens, who had long respected the character of the dead man; and among those who came was the woman who had been false to him, and whom he had tried to kill. Throwing herself upon the coffin, her reproaches and protestations of love were earnest and affecting, but they brought no life to the victim of her fickleness.

SOME time ago we mentioned in our local columns the fact that a young man named WESLEY CAIN, working for the Widow CASINGER, had been taken out of his bed and flogged, and ordered to leave the county. We also stated that we could not ascertain the cause of such treatment. The grand jury was luckier than we were. It had discovered that the hired man and his fair mistress were playing the game of BEECHER and ELIZABETH, and, as the neighbors are not Plymouth Church members, the logging followed as a matter of course.

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WHISKEY.

WISKEY will conquer the best of them if they keep toiling with it. It has sent an ex-Chief Justice of this State to the lunatic asylum in the past two weeks; and dragged the brilliant and well-souled Gen. FRANK P. BLAIR of Missouri to death's door.

AN Iowa paper is putting on airs because a smart wife out its way helped her husband raise seventy acres of wheat. We'll bet the butterball that the way she helped him was to stand in the door and shake a broomstick at the poor fellow every time he sat down to rest.

A BOY at Henderson put a colored egg in a hen's nest. Although an experienced old hen, she thought she hid it herself, and was so proud of the achievement that she cackled herself to death in ten minutes.

AT the Leitchfield spelling-school they have to define as well as spell the words. The other night a fancy dry-goods clerk wrestled with the word "hazardous" in this fashion: "H-a-z-a-r-d-o-u-s, hazardous, a female hazard."

LANDAULET WILLIAMS quit because \$8,000 a year wasn't salary enough. Yet he has seen the time when he rode fifty miles over the Oregon mountains on a flea-bitten mule to earn a ten dollar fee.

BAPTISM has its styles as well as the spring bonnet. The "nobby" thing now-a-days is to immerse in tepid water. Which may account for the prevailing lukewarmness of fashionable religion.

IT is possible that the honest gentlemen who, to the glory of God and for the elevation of their fellow-men, have engaged in the manufacture of whisky, would stoop to swindle the government?

WHEN an Evansville girl wants to button her boots, she has to "feller" isn't at hand, she has to go up stairs to reach the top of her foot.

THE people of Muhlenburg county spend enough money for whisky in a year to more than pay their entire railroad indebtedness.

THE saddest thing in life is to see thoughtless people squandering their money, and know that you cannot help them do it.

THESE are two things in this world it won't do to trifle with:—a woman's opinion, and the business end of a hornet.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

PROMPT attention given to the collection of claims. Will buy, sell, lease, or rent lands or mineral privileges on reasonable terms. Will write deeds, mortgages, leases, &c., and attend to listing and paying taxes on lands belonging to non-residents.

ALONZO TAYLOR.

Fashionable Barber and Hair Cutter,

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

Shop, on Market street, over J. W. Lewis' store, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line.

JOHN P. BARRETT.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

and Real Estate Agent,

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

WAGONS AND BUGGIES,

and will make and furnish

COFFINS AND BURIAL CASES

at the lowest possible prices. Call and see us before engaging your work elsewhere.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

and satisfaction guaranteed. By close application to business we hope to merit the support of our friends.

MAUZY & HURT.

Jan. 20, 1875.

1200 Main St., Louisville, Ky.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY

—OF—

LIVERPOOL.

Security and Indemnity.

CAPITAL, \$10,000,000 GOLD.

CASH ASSETS, OVER \$12,000,000 GOLD.

CASH ASSETS IN U. S., \$1,337,934 GOLD.

LOSSES PAID WITHOUT DISCOUNT, REFER TO 12th CONDITION OF COMPANY'S POLICY.

THE HERALD.

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
IN THE TOWN OF
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY,
BY—
JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,
AT THE PRICE OF
Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

Job work of every description done with neatness and dispatch, at very prices. We have a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is prepaid at this office. One year's subscription are \$2.00 per year, inserable in advance.

Should the paper suspend publication, from any cause, during the year, we will refund the money due our subscription, or furnish subscribers for the newspaper with any paper of the same price they may select.

Advertisers—*Advertisers are solicited, except those of saloons, keepers and dealers in intoxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our columns under any circumstances.*

All communications and contributions for publication must be addressed to the Editor.

Communications in regard to advertising and job work must be addressed to the Publishers.

THE HERALD, Proprietor, consists of WALLACE GRIFFEL, Editor, JNO. P. BARRETT, Business Manager, and JOHN L. CASE, Foreman of Newspaper and Job Office.

Railroad Time-Table.

The down train for Paducah leaves Louisville, daily except Sunday at 8:30 a. m. and arrives at:

Horse Branch at 1:55 p. m.
Rosine at 2:05 " "
Elm Lick at 2:15 " "
Beaver Dam at 2:20 " "
Blair at 2:40 " "
McHenry's at 2:44 " "
Rockport at 2:58 " "
Arriving at Paducah at 3:00 "

The up train for Louisville leaves Paducah daily except Sunday at 4 a. m. and arrives at:

Rockport at 8:55 a. m.
McHenry's at 9:55 " "
Elm Lick at 10:02 " "
Beaver Dam at 10:10 " "
Rosine at 10:25 " "
Horse Branch at 10:45 " "
Arriving at Louisville at 4:45 p. m.

Hartford is connected with the road at Beaver Dam, daily twice a day.

The train connects with Elizabethtown at Cecilia, with Owensboro at Owensboro Junction, and with Evansville, Henderson and Nashville at Nortonville.

D. F. WHITCOMBE, Superintendent.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.
Hon. Joe Haycraft, Attorney, of Elizabethtown.
A. L. Morris, Clerk, Hartford.

E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.

T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.

E. L. Wise, Jailer, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May and November, and continues four weeks each term.

COUNTY COURT.

Begins on the fourth Monday in January, and third Mondays in April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begins on the first Mondays in October and January.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.

G. Smith Flitzlugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.

Thos. H. Bowell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.

W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Camp District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice, held March 5, June 17, September 4, December 18. John D. Miller, Justice, held March 18, June 4, September 18, December 4.

Cool Spring District, No. 2.—S. A. Davenport, Justice, held March 3, June 15, September 2, December 16. Samuel Shull, Justice, held March 15, June 2, September 15, December 20.

Centreville District, No. 3.—W. I. Rose, Justice, held March 31, June 14, September 30, December 15. Henry Tiesley, Justice, held March 16, June 28, September 15, December 30.

Bell's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton, Justice, held March 11, June 23, September 11, December 27. W. P. Ewell, Justice, held March 24, June 10, September 22, December 8.

Fordville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb, Justice, March 8, June 19, September 8, December 22. S. G. Smith, Justice, March 29, June 7, September 22, December 8.

The grand jury adjourned over from last week until to-morrow.

Catherine Thomas and H. M. Stevens are lodging in jail. Both are under indictment.

Curtis Bell, of color, was convicted of carrying concealed weapons, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$25, and to ten days' imprisonment.

A great many Commonwealth cases have been continued on account of absence of witnesses.

PERSONAL—Maj. Baker Boyd and Mr. Fughan, of Owensboro; Judge W. L. Cunklin and W. R. Haynes, of Leitchfield, attorneys at law, were in attendance upon our circuit court during the past week.

P. W. Gilstrap was convicted on last Thursday of retailing liquor without license, and fined \$10. In default of payment, he was lodged at Wise's to board it out at two dollars a day.

A Heavy Docket.

There are 513 cases on the docket of our Circuit Court this term, distributed as follows: Commonwealth cases, 101; ordinary suits, 173; equity suits, 236.

Ellen Austin, a colored woman of Beaver Dam, indicted for grand larceny, was tried and acquitted on Monday. Although the stolen money and pocketbook were found in her possession, the jury was of the opinion that she had not been enough to steal them.

PERSONAL—Mr. Will R. Haynes, editor of the Leitchfield Herald, came down Saturday to attend our circuit court. He remained with us until Tuesday morning. We were glad to welcome him, and sorry to bid him good-bye. He must come down often, and stay longer, so the young ladies say.

L. J. Lyon has moved into his new store, opposite the Hartford House, where he is prepared to serve his customers with everything in his line at fair prices. "Dandy" is a live business man, and will give you full value for your money, every time.

The last few days being beautiful and bright, have caused our charming ladies and gallant young men to begin to take their social strolls. Last Sunday was a fine day for the business, judging from the number we saw in the grove opposite the water mill.

We have heard many very able temperance lectures in our day, but do not think we ever heard anything to excel the speech of Hon. Joe Haycraft, to the jury yesterday in the case of the Commonwealth vs. W. D. Willhelm, charged with giving liquor to a minor. It was a fine effort indeed, and Maj. Haycraft is fast becoming a terror to evil doers of every kind. The jury in this case were out but a few minutes, and returned a verdict of conviction, assessing the fine at the highest figures—sixty dollars.

Indictments by the Grand Jury.

The following is a list of the indictments returned by the grand jury, since our last issue:

Horse-stealing—George E. Chin.

Grand Larceny—Ellen Austin, (col).

Petit Larceny—Wm. Melkiff, (col.)

Alex. Wilson.

Cutting in Snallen Passion—J. K. Oglesby.

Carrying Concealed Weapons—Crit. Parks, (col.) Monroe Jewell, three cases; H. M. Stevens, two cases.

Adultery and Fornication—Catherine Casinger, Wesley Cain, Catherine Thomas, Dan T. Wilson, Jane Faught, and H. M. Stevens.

Obstructing Public Road—Tynor Ralph.

Disturbing Religious Worship—James and Jack Carlen.

Keeping Tippling House—Jas. Miller.

Keeping House of Ill-Fame—Mary J. Cattilla.

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The Herald Weekly.

This is the title of a new quarterly literary and temperance journal, which reaches us from the city of Louisville. It is published by N. F. Thompson, Esq., G. W. S. and Tr. of the L. O. G. T., and takes the place of the Temperance Advocate, the publication of which has been discontinued.

The Herald is one of the handiest papers in the country, is edited with industry, vigor and good judgment, and deserves to be patronized by every family in the Commonwealth. Mrs. A. C. Morton, of Frankfort, a lady of rare literary accomplishments, who is not unknown to time as a writer of delightful prose and verse, is the literary editor. The initial number contains the opening chapters of a serial story by Mrs. Morton, entitled, "The Oaklands, or the Cost and Consequences of Dissipation," which bids fair to be absorbingly interesting.

We commend the Herald to our readers as well worthy of their patronage. It is a much taller and more interesting paper than the trashy eastern so-called literary papers that flood our State and country, and will prove a delight and blessing to any family that takes it. The subscription price is exceedingly low for the style and character of the journal—being only \$2 a year—while certainly places it within the reach of every one. We wish it a long and prosperous life.

Mr. Larkin Nall and wife, formerly residents of this place, but now living in Lincoln, Illinois, are on a visit to their relatives and friends here. Mr. Nall looks as pale and hearty as when he left us ten years ago. We are glad to see you back, "Pap," and hope you will sojourn a good while with us.

Mr. Vaughn will continue the stage twice a day between Hartford and Beaver Dam, morning and evening, connecting with all passenger trains on the L. P. & S. Western road. Passengers set down wherever they do.

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Opposite the Courthouse

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JOHN S. VAUGHT PROPRIETORS. Comfortable rooms, prompt attention, and low prices. The traveling public are respectfully invited to give us a share of patronage. Every exertion made to render guests comfortable.

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THE JAMES BOYS.

They Have Entered Kentucky, and Are Located in Webster County—Their First Work at Arson and Murder.

We have it from the most reliable authority that the notorious Missouri brigands, the James boys, have entered this State, and are at present sojourning in Webster county. They can be seen at Sebree City, on the St. Louis and Southern eastern road almost any day. Indeed, a

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AGRICULTURAL.

Encouraging Manufacturers.

It is only in the school of experience that the masses of the people come to a realization of facts as they exist. There are but few who learn, except in this comparatively dear school. Farmers, from the nature of their occupation, will, as a rule, admit of no guide except this. Aggregate fact, bearing upon their business, constitute the basis upon which they build. With them all utilized labor is money. There is no lack upon their part of introducing improved machinery for this purpose. By its introduction, the farmer is enabled to triple his capability of production. This would all be well enough, and his prospects would be assured, if the consumption of his products could be proportionally increased. There are other things for farmers to consider, as well as the best methods of increasing the productive capacity of their lands.

In this latitude, corn is king, and the hog is no second rate power in the realm. But what would this enormous crop of either amount to, if the wants of the consumers of them were in the inverse ratio to their portion? There must be consumers as well as producers, and as the producer has the cost of transportation to pay—that is, it is invariably deducted from the price awarded in the leading markets of the world, does not the consideration of the question of transportation become one of the vital importance to the producer? What, then, is the proper course to pursue. Shall we continue to pay the cost of transportation, or shall we bring the consumer to the corn? Common sense says, encourage immigration. It says, create a market at home. It says, develop the mineral resources of your respective States. It says, utilize the products of the forest and mine by manufacturing them. It says, avoid transportation as much as possible, and bring the consumer and producer into closer proximity.

The farmer is more interested in the development of manufacturers than the professional man possibly can be. The encouragement of local manufacturing enterprises is the height of wisdom, and the increased attention which the members of the farmers' organization are giving to the subject, argues well for the future. There is not a town throughout any of the corn producing States that should not contain one or more factories devoted to some special industry, for which the location is peculiarly situated. There is no reason why the woolen mills, foundries, tanneries, plow and wagon factories, boot and shoe factories, fruit drying and canning establishments and agricultural implement factories, should not all be concentrated in the large cities. The farming community, in order to be prosperous, must have a good local market. The paying of freight on what they sell and what they buy, with one or two commissions added thereto, makes it lively for everybody but themselves. Such a policy is a suicidal one, and the sooner a contrary course is adopted the better it will be for the farmer. Therefore, we say, as soon as the work of organization is formally completed, set about devising ways and means for establishing local manufacturing industries. Where there is a will there is a way, and if unity of action and harmonious counsel prevail the humblest beginning that you may make will, in a few years, be productive of great results. If assured of the hearty co-operation and patronage of the farming community, manufacturers can be induced to invest capital and establish manufacturers of various kinds, where, under such circumstances as previously existed in the farming community, from lack of organization, it would have been impossible. Therefore, we say, to food-producers, it will pay you to offer in your organized or individual capacity, the use of your surplus cash capital to the manufacturers at a comparatively low rate of interest, to enable him to bring his employees to your very door, and thus create a demand, not only for your staple crops, your corn and hogs, but for your perishable horticultural products and vegetables as well. Therefore, we say most emphatically, begin at once to adopt the principle of bringing the consumer to the corn.

Leaping Without Looking.

Some of the agricultural and "secular" papers make their columns lively with advice to all good husbandmen to engage in various enterprises "with millions in them," and thousands of farmers, one after another, a perennial crop, are acting on the suggestions. The strawberry speculation is perhaps widest spread, and stacks of plants are set each year without ever bearing fruit enough to pay for what they cost. Fancy poultry is tempting, and high priced eggs are bought, and may be a few chickens are hatched, but in the end it is discovered that no hen will lay two eggs a day. The bees are recommended, especially for women, and a good deal of studying is done, but the honey is not abundant, and year after year the complaint is made that "this is the worst season for bees we ever had." Some undertake to raise mushrooms without knowing a mushroom when they see it, others, reading that ducks are sent to the London market by the ton, get eggs and go to hatching, while others still, plant grapevines by the acre, or dwarf peas by the thousand, and in most cases the conclusion reached is, that corn is a good crop, that potatoes always sell, and that nothing is much better than

a few three-year-old steers to turn oil in the spring, unless it be the value of the same in wool. The continued disappointments are due almost wholly to a want of knowledge in regard to details, and to acquire this is to acquire what may be called a trade. Nothing would seem more simple than to raise strawberries, and the majority fail, generally, for want of well prepared ground and the necessary cultivation, and it is probably true that it will take a man five or six years before he can find out what is the matter. And so it is in all other pursuits and enterprises. It would be "splendid," as the girls say, if one could be born with hereditary experience, so as to take up the thread where the old folks left off, and many an aged man and broken man knows that if he could have had this inheritance, with all the checks and safeguards that it brings, he would now be rich and happy, instead of poor and acquainted with grief. The next best thing, in the absence of such hereditary gift, is to feel our way and look before leaping.

A Pot of Tea that Resists the Colorado Beetle.

A. Jackson, of Frederick county, Md., communicates the following interesting facts to the Baltimore American Farmer, which he says can be attested by the sworn testimony of two of his laborers. About five years ago he received from New Jersey a peculiar kind of red potato, under the name of Siberian Red. It proved to be a very prolific bearer, and of a monstrous size, very mealy and wholesome for the table, though some purple streaks would occasionally run through the tubers. Last summer he planted them in hills four feet apart, between young grape vines which stood eight feet by eight feet, and raised on one acre a little better than one hundred bushels of magnificent potatoes. He fertilized the hills by mixing lime with ten per cent. of salt, and mixing old cow manure with about ten per cent. of said lime and salt compound. He used a good shovelful of it in every hill, and embodied it with the ground (clay soil) by digging. The result he says, was astonishing. When the potato bugs (which had then appeared in myriads) had eaten off a vine, presently two or more vines would shoot up, keeping on growing until the November frosts killed them. Most curious of all, they bore here and there small potatoes (not seed hills) on the vines. One remarkable hill yielded forty-five average-sized potatoes. All his other kind, Early Rose, Peacockblow, Early Goodrich, though treated in the same manner, were an utter failure.

For the Hartford Herald.
HARD TIMES.

The American people are to-day in a condition, and that condition is anything but enviable. They are, in a financial sense, sick—and very sick—and unless they get relief, and that soon, many of us must at no distant day go "where the woodbine twieth," and be numbered among the failures of the nineteenth century, and it will at last be said of us that we were thrifless, and anything but beneficitors to our race.

The questions naturally arise in the mind of every reflecting man, What is the remedy? And where is the balm to be found which will heal all of our financial ills? We do not want a palliative merely, but a permanent, substantial remedy; one which can be relied on as well in adversity as in prosperity.

It is the opinion of your humble self that the trouble lies in a great measure at our own doors individually, and, if we ever get our heads above water again, there must be in individual as well as a general effort.

The reformation must begin at home, right around our own firesides, in teaching our own children good, sound, moral, useful lessons in all things which would be useful to them in after life, and better fit them to fight the hard battles of the future, and in setting our own houses to rights generally; improve the culinary department, and thereby we will make our sanitary condition better; and then thoroughly renovate our farms, from every panel and fence corner throughout its entire length and breadth, exterminating every foot evil not otherwise used in grass or clover, to enable it to adapt itself to the needs of the country.

To enable us all to accomplish these very desirable ends, it will be necessary for a large majority of us to use the following once a day, to be taken on retiring to bed at night: Equal parts of yeast powders, which will make us rise early; an equal portion of capsicum, which will stimulate us to action; the same amount of "colonization solution," well shaken, and with equal portions of industry, energy, economy, faithfulness, sobriety, virtue, honesty, truth, temperance, and last but not least, a double portion of common sense, the great lever which is indispensable at all times to put the machinery in motion, and run it without friction and too great waste of grease.

Now, brethren, Patrons and all, let us strive with all our might, to get up and bring about a general reformation in agriculture and education in the Green River country, for as little as is said on the subject, a good common school education is almost indispensable to success in almost any avocation, (pardon the digression.) Let us see if we can make the farm pay. Quite our lazy, slovenly manner of half-doing things—for that which is worth doing at all is worth doing well—go to work and develop our vast mineral as well as agricultural resources, and thereby we will become exporters to a greater amount than we are now importers. It is a lamentable fact, that after we send all of the latter we have to spare to Europe, it falls short one hundred and fifty millions of dollars of balancing our import account, and this amount must be paid in gold, or

English exchange, its equivalent. Everybody wants everything from Europe, and it all has to be paid for in gold, except the little raw material which we have to offer after our home demands are supplied, which is a small portion of cotton, wheat and tobacco, hence the high premium on gold. Can't these evils be remedied? We answer emphatically, they can; and they must be before we are a prosperous people. These things cannot be accomplished in a day, by a spasmodic effort, with a leap in the dark, but we must open our eyes, inform ourselves as to the situation and surroundings, and then act like sane men, with a firm and steady resolve that God being our helper we will do better for ourselves and children.

Another evil at this time, is the tendency of running to extremes and denominating all of our old systems and advocating nothing unless it is new. Space will only allow me to drop some reflections on one of these at this time, and simply give my views of the subject, and ask that some one who may join issue with me show up the other side of the question. And this is what is known as the conventional interest law. Now, I cannot see how a law can injure any one that is mutual and imperative, pro or con, unless it is so enacted and reduced to writing. It differs from other contracts, in this, that it may be in writing, while the courts will enforce ninety per cent. of all other contracts, though they may be verbal. Every citizen of this proud commonwealth should be allowed to pay for the use of any and all commodities, money included, whatever it is worth to him. You have your money just as I have my horse, house or farm. Money is like all other articles of commerce, governed by the law of supply and demand. There have been periods in the past twelve years here that it could not be loaned at any price, but at this time the supply is so meager that it cannot even be had at McEl's munificent rates, and men are actually offering more than 10 per cent., and in the next breath, cry out against the law, and say it must be repealed. Borrowers paid more interest under the old law than they do under the present, for under that law whenever money became scarce it varied from 10 to 13 per cent., and it was paid in advanced. Seal up immediately in airtight cans; if glass, wrap in paper to exclude the light.—N. Y. Observer.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—A good way to clean black kid gloves is to take a teaspoonful of oil, add a few drops of ink in it, and rub it over the gloves with the tip of a feather, then let them dry in the sun.

TO PREVENT TIN RUSTING.—Rub fresh lard over every part of the dish, and then put it in a hot oven and heat it thoroughly. Thus treated, any tinware may be used in water constantly, and remain bright and free from rust indefinitely.

LIGHT RYE TEA CAKES.—One pint of sweet milk, two eggs, a tablespoonful of brown sugar and a large pinch of salt. Add enough rye flour to make it as stiff as common griddle cake batter. Bake half an hour in "gem" pans. Serve hot or cold as desired.

CHICKEN CHEESE.—Did you, reader, ever eat any? We like it. Boil

two chickens till tender; take out all the bones and chop the meat fine; season to taste with salt, pepper and butter; pour in enough liquor they are boiled in to make moist. Mold it in any shape you choose, and, when cold, turn out and cut into slices. It is an excellent travelling lunch.

A BROOM HOLDER.—A good broom holder may be had by laying the broom down with the brush flat, and boring a hole through the top of the handle with a three-eighths bit. It will not cost a cent, and the broom can hang on any convenient nail.

TO CLEAN CANE CHAIR-BOTTOMS.—Turn the chair bottom upward, and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane work well, so that it is well soaked; should it be dirty, use soap; let it dry in the air, and it will be tight and firm as new, provided none of the cane is broken.—Western Round.

CHEAP MOUSE TRAP.—Take the bowl of a clean, clay pipe and fill it with cheese; put it under the edge of a glass tumbler in such a manner that a light touch will cause the tumbler to slip off—the bait and mouse of course, underneath. This arrangement will catch more mice than any trap I ever saw, at the cost of one cent.—Rural New Yorker.

TO BREAK GLASS AT WILL.—An easy method of breaking glass to any required form is by making a small notch, by means of a file, on the edge of a piece of glass; then make the end of a tobacco pipe, or a rod of iron about the same size, red hot in the fire, apply the hot iron to the notch, and draw it slowly along the surface of the glass, in any direction you please; a crack will be made in the glass and will follow the direction of the iron. Round glass bottles and flasks may be cut in the same way by wrapping round them a worsted thread dipped in spirits of turpentine, and setting it on fire when fastened to the glass.

PRESERVING STRAWBERRIES.—Gather and handle the fruit carefully, taking them in the early part of the season, as they are the finest and most perfect berries. Stem, weigh, and place on dishes. To one pound of fruit allow one and a half pound of the best white sugar; sprinkle over them half or more of the sugar, and let stand some hours, or over night if gathered late. Put on fire in close bell-metal or porcelain kettle, with remainder of sugar. Boil and skim about twenty minutes, or until syrup thickens, and first looks transparent, using, during the process, a "silver" spoon, and avoid mashing. Seal up immediately in airtight cans; if glass, wrap in paper to exclude the light.—N. Y. Observer.

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